

HALLDEN
FAWCETT

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

Dennis the Menace

No. 50
10c



the Cookie Jar

ARE YOU A PAL OF DENNIS?

I want everybody
in the whole world
to know that:

is a good pal of mine!

Dennis



IF YOU are a pal of Dennis, you'll want to carry one of these cards in your wallet so everybody in the *whole world* will know it. Keep it in a cellophane pocket, or paste it on cardboard, to protect it.

We've printed several cards here in case you want to start a Dennis Club. All members should have cards. We tell you how to start a Dennis Club in *The Cookie Jar* on the inside back cover of this book. And for your Club, we've printed a special Certificate in color on the back cover.

Have fun, pals!

I want everybody
in the whole world
to know that:

is a good pal of mine!

Dennis



I want everybody
in the whole world
to know that:

is a good pal of mine!

Dennis



I want everybody
in the whole world
to know that:

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Dennis

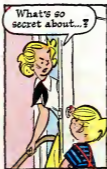
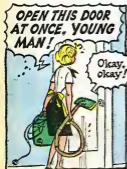
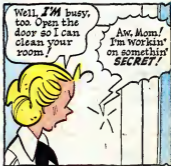
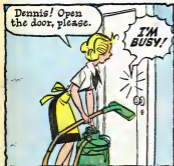
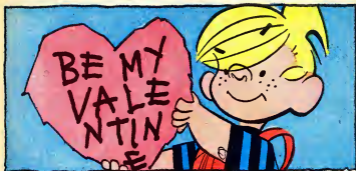


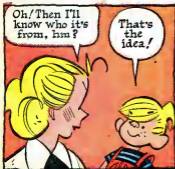
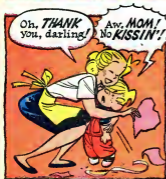
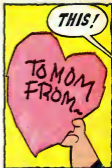
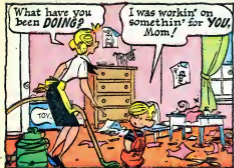
I want everybody
in the whole world
to know that:

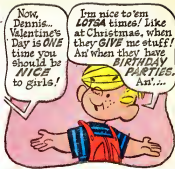
is a good pal of mine!

Dennis











DENNIS!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

I
LIKE
MARGARET
DENNIS



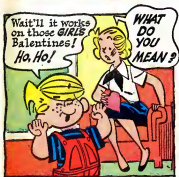
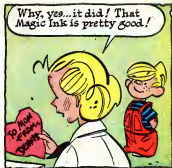
YOU LIKA ME?
YOU THEENK
I'M HOKAY?

I
LIKE
GINA
DENNIS

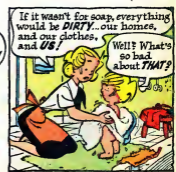
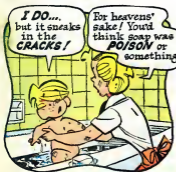


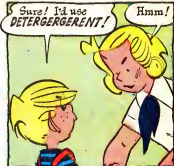
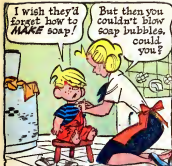
I
LIKE
SALLY
DENNIS

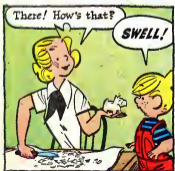
DENNIS! THIS
MUST BE A **JOKE!**

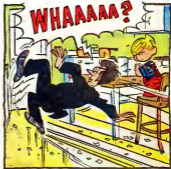
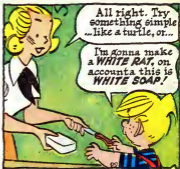


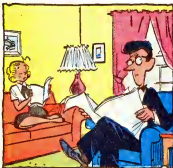
HAVE A SUD, BUD!

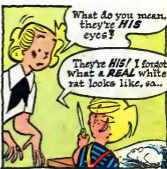
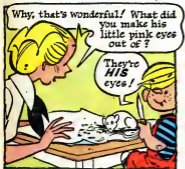


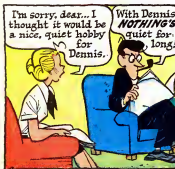
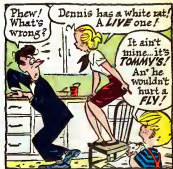
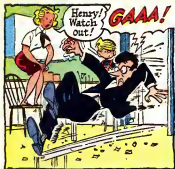












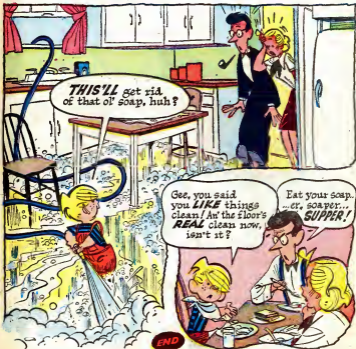
Are you cleaning up the soap chips, Dennis?

I'm *TRYIN'*! But *YOU* got 'em all squashed into the floor!

Henry, I can...

HEY! I GOT A GOOD IDEA!

Henry, we'd better check! You know **DENNIS'** ideas!



THE SEEING EARS

YOUNG JIMMY LYONS lived in a world that was always night. In bright sunshine or on cloudy days, Jimmy saw nothing but blackness, because he was blind.

But just because he couldn't see, his other senses—touch, smell, taste, and hearing—had become very keen. He "read" books by touching the pages. Of course, he couldn't feel the printed words. He used special books that, instead of being printed, used a "code" of bumps to spell out the words. One bump was 'A'; two bumps, one over the other, were 'B'; two bumps side by side meant 'C', and other arrangements of bumps made the other letters. By running his sensitive fingers over this code of bumps, Jimmy could spell out the words almost as swiftly as we can read.

Although he couldn't see the colors of flowers, they smelled much sweeter to him than to us. His sense of smell was so keen that he could tell the difference between a Diesel truck and a gasoline truck just by the smell of their exhausts.

His sense of hearing, too, was much sharper than ours. He knew his father's car from all others, by the sound of the motor. His ears told him if people were tall or short, fat or thin, by the sound of their footsteps. Tall people take longer steps than short people, and heavy people walk heavier than thin people.

So Jimmy got along very well in spite of being blind. And it was just because he was blind that he was able to help catch the man who held up his father's store!

It was a grocery store, a sort of small super-market. The school bus dropped Jimmy off there every afternoon, then his Dad drove him home at supper time.

This day, Jimmy had just arrived and was starting to tell his father all about school when suddenly he heard his father suck in his breath sharply. Then Jimmy felt, or smelled, something only the animals, and blind people, can smell or sense—Fear! His father was suddenly afraid of something, or someone!

At the same moment, Jimmy smelled something else—oil. A strange, thin, bitter oil that Jimmy had never smelled before.

Then a man spoke up right beside him: "Okay, Mister—you know what this is!

Put the money in a bag and hand it over!"

Now Jimmy knew what kind of oil he was smelling. Gas oil! It was a holdup, and this man had a gun!

"A—all right," he heard his father say. "Just don't hurt my boy!"

Jimmy felt a rough shove, and reached out to catch at the arm that had pushed him. "Just keep outta my way and nobody'll get hurt!" the man growled.

There was a rustling of bills into the paper bag, and the clink of coins, and Jimmy heard the heavy thump of the money-filled bag on the counter. He knew that most of the money in the register was to pay for the things his father sold, that very little of it was left for the family. Desperately, he keyed his ears to give him some clue to the man who was taking this away from them. He hadn't noticed the man walk up, so he was probably wearing rubber-soled shoes.

The man said: "Shove that phone over here. No—closer! I don't want you watching me dial!" And Jimmy heard the series of clicks as the dial spun.

"Hello?" the man said. "Yeah—no trouble at all. Clean out the hideout—I'll be right there!"

The phone slammed down, and Jimmy heard the man's footsteps this time, the rubber soles squeaking toward the door on the tile floor. Then he felt his father's hand on his shoulder. "Did he hurt you, son?"

"Heck, no—just a little shove. Get on the phone, Dad—call the police! Maybe they can catch him!"

"I'm afraid he's far gone," his father said, but he dialed the phone and in a moment a squad car screamed to a stop outside.

To the policeman who came running in, Jimmy's Dad said:—"He was about 5 foot 6, wore a brown sport jacket—I think it was gaberdine—and..."

"Excuse me, Dad," Jimmy broke in. "It was a *foxed* coat—I felt it when he shoved me. And it sounded to me like he was about 6 feet tall!"

Jimmy felt the policeman looking at him, and he grinned: "I can't see, but I can feel and hear things pretty good!"

He heard the officer stoop down beside him. "Good for you, boy! Tell us what else you know!"

"Well, he had on rubber-soled shoes," he began. ("I didn't notice that!" his Dad exclaimed.)

"He wore gloves—pigskin gloves," Jimmy went on. "He may be Italian, or anyway he likes Italian food, because I smelled garlic on his breath. And he telephoned somebody at his hideout. The number was FR 5-7306."

"What?" the policeman said. "How could you tell what number he called?"

"I heard him dial it," Jimmy told him. "You know, when you dial, each number makes a different number of clicks you can hear. I've practiced listening real fast, and remembering numbers."

There was a bump as the officer pulled the phone toward him. "But the FR part," he objected. "If he dialed F, it could also be D or E—they're in that same hole. And the same for R—there's P and S in that hole, too!"

"Sure!" Jimmy grinned. "But FR is the only exchange in our town, isn't it? He

didn't make a long distance call, and he said he'd be right out to this hideout, wherever it is!"

"You're right! Good lad! We'll find where that hideout is in a second! And from that description you've given us, we've got our man!"

It took more than just a second, but a call to the telephone company swiftly gave the officer the address of the phone number, and the police car screamed away.

A few minutes later, the police called to say that they had caught the man with the money and his pal at their hideout across town.

"Phew! That's a relief!" Jimmy's Dad told him. "And all thanks to you, son. You can see better with your ears than I can with my eyes!"

Jimmy laughed. "That's kind of a joke, Dad! I'm gonna get a Seeing Eye dog some day, but maybe I don't need him—I've got Seeing Ears!"

THE END



day by day
with
dennis

Monday



"No, my stomach isn't SWOLLEN! It just hurts."

Tuesday



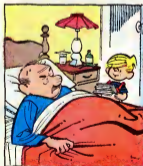
"If ye wanna go to the store or somethin', Mrs. Wilson, I'll be GLAD to baby sit fer ye!"

Wednesday



"How's your head feel, Mr. Wilson? Dad says that's where most of your trouble is."

Thursday



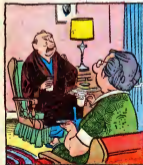
"I brougt ye some funny books, Mister Wilson. You could USE a laugh!"

Friday



"I don't think he ever KNEW me! He asked me to come back agoin!"

Saturday



"I'll admit he was nice to me while I was sick. But he GAVE me the ulcer in the first place!"

Sunday



"What's he got that cotton in your ears fer, Mr. Wilson? Mah, Mr. Wilson? HEY, MISTER WILSON ...!"

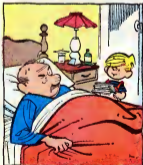
day by day
with
dennis

Monday



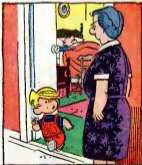
"No, my stomach isn't SWOLLEN! It just hurts."

Thursday



"I brought yo some funny books, Mister Wilson. You could USE a laugh!"

Friday



"I don't think he even KNEW me! He asked me to come back again!"

Tuesday



"If ye wanna go to the store or somethin', Mrs. Wilson, I'll be GLAD to baby ait fer ye!"

Wednesday



"How's your head feel, Mr. Wilson? Dad says that's where most of your trouble is."

Saturday

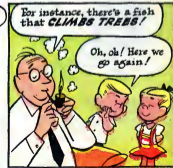
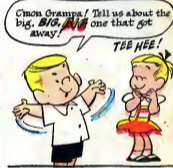
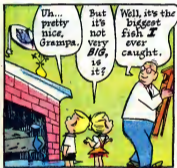
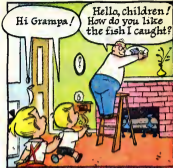


"I'll admit he was nice to me while I was sick. But he GAVE me the ulcer in the first place!"

Sunday



"Whatcha get that cotton in your ears for, Mr. Wilson? Huh, Mr. Wilson? HEY, MISTER WILSON..."



I s'pose
this fish has
CLAWS, so
it can climb
trees like a
CAT!

No, no... I'm serious! This fish climbs up the roots of
trees with its **FINS!** And it carries water in its
cheeks so it can stay on dry land for a while!



Then there's a fish that **FISHES** for **OTHER** fish!
It lies on the bottom of the ocean, and waves a
fishing line in front of its mouth
to attract other fish.

Sounds
FISHY
to **ME!**



**TEE,
HEE!**

And there's a fish that can swallow fish **BIGGER** than itself!



Oh,
brother!

WHEE!



BLACK SWALLOWER

I suppose you've heard of **TRANSPARENT** fish. You can see **RIGHT THROUGH** them!



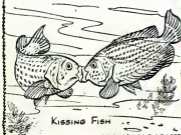
Made outta **GLASS**, probably!

HEE HEE!

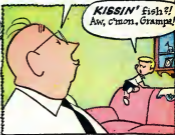


TRANSPARENT FISH

Down in the Indian Ocean, there are **KISSING** fish. They like to press their lips together, then push and pull each other in a tug-of-war game.



KISSING FISH



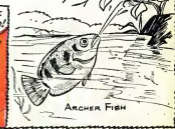
KISSIN' fish?!
Aw, c'mon, Grampa!

It's **TRUE!** Then there's the Archer Fish, that squirts water... just like a water pistol! It knocks bugs off plants and into the water so it can eat them.



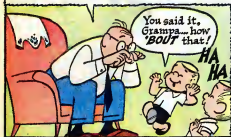
Maybe it can shoot a **SLINGSHOT** too!

HEE HEE!



ARCHER FISH

And there's an eel that trails its **EYES** on the ends of long **STRINGS**, away from its body! How about **THAT**?



You said it, Grampa... how 'BOUT that!

HA HA

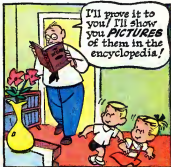
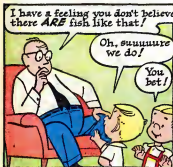


DRAGON EEL

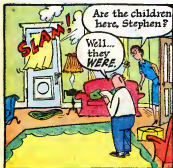
I have a feeling you don't believe there **ARE** fish like that!

Oh, suuuure we do!

You bet!



I'll prove it to you! I'll show you **PICTURES** of them in the encyclopedia!



Are the children here, Stephen?

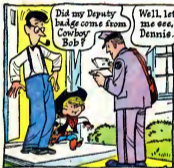
Well... they **WERE**.

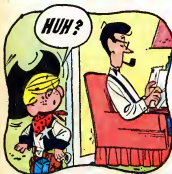
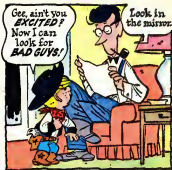
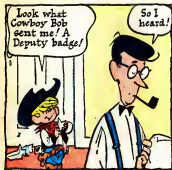
Were you telling them some more of your tall stories?

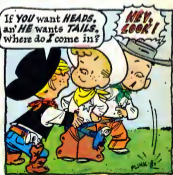
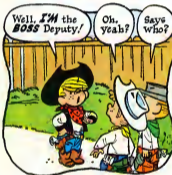
No... I was telling them the **TRUTH**. I guess that's why they didn't **BELIEVE** me!

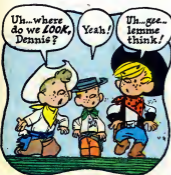
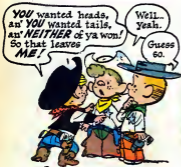


DEPUTY DENNIS



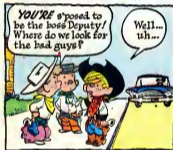


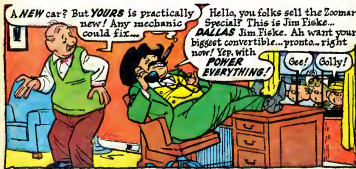
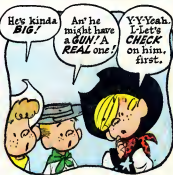


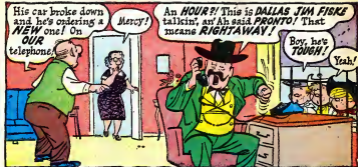




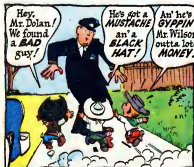
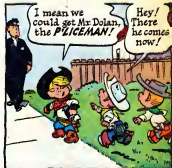
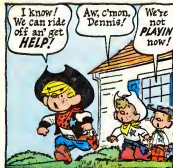
IN A "NICE NEIGHBORHOOD..."



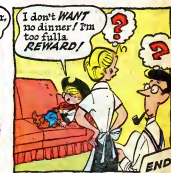
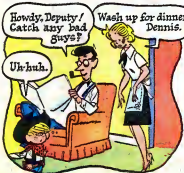
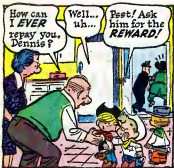
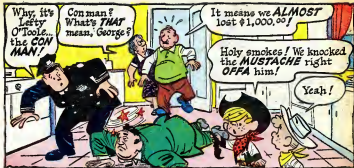












the Cookie Jar

WANT TO START A DENNIS CLUB?

MANY READERS ask us how they can start Dennis Clubs in their neighborhoods. It's easy, and it's fun. If you have a place you can use for a club house, fine—otherwise, you'll probably meet at each others' homes. At your first meeting, you should elect officers. You should have:—

1. President, to be in charge of meetings.
2. Vice President, to be in charge when the President isn't there.
3. Treasurer, to collect dues, if any, and to keep a written record of them.
4. Secretary, to handle any correspondence.

For your Club, we have printed an Official Certificate on the back cover of this book, and membership cards on the inside front cover. If you have a lot of members, you may have to get an extra copy or two of this book. (Paste your Certificate on cardboard, or frame it.)

At your meetings, you can watch the Dennis TV show, exchange Dennis books, put on plays with the Dennis puppets. Any dues can be used to buy refreshments for your meetings.

One good Club project is to paste Dennis cartoons in scrapbooks and give them to your local hospital.

But the main purpose of a Dennis Club is
—Have Fun!

**HI YA,
PALS!**



Dennis the Menace

OFFICIAL PAL CLUB CERTIFICATE

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT

VICE-PRESIDENT

TREASURER

SECRETARY

MEMBERS



HAVE FUN, PALS!

DENNIS
Margaret



A
**GUSTAF
BEATOR**
production

